

—THE INNIS HERALD—



All afternoon,
it was obvious
to me
that things
were not going so well.





The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1Y5



Thank-you, but I don't use mousse.

- Liberace

I used to be a Coyote but I'm Alright Nowoooooooooww!

Mother brought out the matzoh balls and grandma did her ritual table juggling to the tune of Grandpa's accordion. In other words, Passover came and went like it has done every other year. The only major difference this year was that our *vin du nuit* was Carmel wine as opposed to Manischewitz. And since, as we all know, Carmel is much more potent on the woozy scale, there were a few minor instances involving our having to re-fluff Aunt Sarah, who kept leaping up yelling "I'll show you an Exodus!" and running out the door only to collapse in a heap on the hood of her Cadillac.

Passover, for those of you who say such things as "oh you're Jewish? I've never met a Jew before", is what Jesus was celebrating at the Last Supper. I doubt, however, that his celebrations ever coincided with the Stanley Cup, which ours do almost every year; or the final segment of the *Thorn Birds*, which ours did one year; or, more to the point, any episode of *Knots Landing*, which ours did this year. And this of course brings me to where I want to be.

The pyramids of Egypt and the hail and locusts of the ten plagues are, needless to say, up my bum to some extent. They are not, however, nearly so firmly lodged as the issue of whether Paige and Greg will get it on again soon. It is no secret that Abby, who is the wife of Satan currently posing as the wife of Greg, is leaving the show and will probably get drilled in the head by a *Murakame* oil tool

before the season's out (and why not? Just last week she got drilled in the elevator with a similar device [not Greg's]), but hopefully Paige will have Greg grovelling before his icy wife is completely out of the picture. It's sexier that way.

And speaking of sexy, I'd just like to mention that from the neck down, a lot of people mistake me for Nicolette Sheridan (Paige - for those of you who prefer to watch Stan Brackhage on Thursday nights). But that's neither here nor there.

In fact, the only thing of any consequence that is here (as opposed to there) is a whole slew of empty beer bottles. And this, of course, is no news if you actually read the *Herald* instead of only looking at the pictures and worrying about whether we're infringing on copyright laws (which we are). The beer bottles, however, along with other assorted sundries that lurk in this office, have given me cause to reflect upon how I've spent my year. And although my year would seem to bear little relevance to *your* life (the reader's, that is) I must beg to differ, having recently discovered that I am actually the All-Being (master of time, space and dimension) and thus of relevance to everybody. I unashamedly conclude, therefore, that I have spent my year well, albeit unhealthily.

A few minor breakdowns requiring minimal hospitalization and having to do with very late essays that just weren't happening, punctuated my year at carefully ordained intervals and led me to

ask really dumb questions of my Rabbi, such as "What is the meaning of life?" and "How do you spell *Talmud*?" His answers, respectively (and respectfully), were "You must look unto yourself...etc" and "Just like it sounds", neither of which helped me cope with school. But I wung it (wung being the past tense of wing, as in "to wing") and as soon as I can get this nifty Mac Plus to break into the UofT computer and remove my name from the list of people who were stupid enough to buy an essay and give their real name, I'll be home free.



And now, having addressed the issue of what is here (as opposed to there) and being led to disclose that which I have just disclosed as a result of pondering what is here and realizing that beer bottles are what's here, I must now address the issue of what is there. (The

reader is here reminded that all this follows from my having mentioned, in reference to the fact that from the neck down I often get confused with Nicolette Sheridan, that "that's neither here nor there" and that since that moment, as far as I can tell, we [as in you and I] have been addressing the issue of what *is* here and there if not the fact that from the neck down I'm a deadringer for Nicolette Sheridan. If you have been paying attention, you will notice that having dispensed with what's here [the beer bottles] we are about to consider the much more ambiguous concept of what's there.)

Since I am not at all inclined to pollute my work with jibberish, I am obliged to remark at this juncture that in discussing "what's there", we will not address the notion that things are no longer "there" once you yourself are there. We all know the manner in which things which once were there can end up being here (they move to us or we move to them) but such a consideration is, if you will, neither here nor there.

Suffice it to say then, that "there", for me, is probably Spain. I am taking the year off because I have done four years of school and the fact that I'm nowhere near graduating is, as you've probably guessed, neither here nor there. (The fact that I am going "there" [as in Spain] for reasons that are neither here nor there is a paradox that I think I'll ignore.) The point, I believe, is that regardless of how many more credits I need, I have nonetheless done my four years and

have recently come to realize something which you (the reader) probably realized long ago, namely that I have all the symptoms of an insane woman. Such an epiphany



led, in turn, to the realization that if I have to write one more essay (let alone one more editorial) I will no doubt follow in my mother's footsteps and come to be locked up in the east tower of our 3,000 hectare Willowdale estate/ borscht farm.

And so I'm off. In Spain I hope to encounter a strapping young Jewish treader who, having been stricken by my close resemblance to Nicolette Sheridan from the neck down, will invite me over for Passover dinner. There, having already won his mother's heart, I will mention that back home (as in, here) we all giggle when we get to the passage where "God reveals himself". Then I'll ask for more wine.



THE INNIS HERALD

April 1989, Volume 23 Issue 5

The paper that swarms you on the subway and steals your pants

Editor: Jenny Friedland
Assistant Editor: Alex Russell

Pope of the Film Page: Steve Gravestock
Sick and Pissed Off: Rick Campbell
Resident Hysteric: Lesley Turner

Contributors:

Blitz	Mark Lyall
Laura Forth	Cheri Burda
Misha	Keith Denning
Braz	Greg Sutton
Alan Sharpe	Yukio Koglin
Warren Fick	Kimberly Nash
Ace St. George	Linda Poulos
I. Oana	Judy Friedland

LETTERS

The *Innis Herald* has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free from sexist, racist, agist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the *Innis Herald*, the *Innis College Student Society* or to the publisher.

Calgon eh?

Dear Editor,

I was flipping through my student calendar...past March, past April... If I'm going to fantasize about Calendar dates, I might as well skip the "how many days can I write these essays in" scenario and cool out to August. And what does my student planner say about August?

"choose a job you love and you will never have to work a day in your life."

Confucious

My first thought was: What a wise man that Confucious was.

My second thought was: What job did Confucious ever have?

My third thought was: Write Jen, she'll know.

Gustov.

Dear Gustov,

Confucious was a wise old man, with many a wise old thing to say. By trade, he was actually a boxer but that's neither here nor there for he never considered boxing to be "work". See? He was right, he didn't think of boxing as a job because he loved it so much. Once he got punched in the head very hard indeed and fell down, declaring as he did so, "ooh, man you gets punched in head very hard indeed fall down feeling lousy" and thus began his clandestine career as wise old man.

Soon, however, he found that people expected more from him than just trite expressions of wonder and so he determined to expand his operation. One night, after a long hard pull on the toilet, he went downstairs and phoned his brother, Joglepius. "Joglepius," he said, "Man who go to bed with icky bum, wake up with smelly finger" and his brother agreed, adding, "how smart you are, brother Confucious. You must work awfully hard to be so smart" and Confucious said, "no, brother Joglepius, I do not consider it work since it is a job I really love." And his brother wrote the saying down in his calendar. The date was August, and, as you know, these words of wisdom can still be found there today.



Moscow

Dear Editor,

Spring springs at last! Now is only ten feet of snow in Gorky Park. I breaking out my jam pants! Well Jim and Paul, another year goes by and still no words from you. Where is Stan Brackhage video? Where is SCAT? Where is Fuzz righteous importation? I send hard news and you give the blues.

I do course by mail. Pop Culture. Big link between mythic potency of Ginsberg's *Howl* and *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*? I gotta C.

What news from Canada? Send some. Tell Lautens he still owe me ten bucks and Liebman owe me a meat paty and twenty-five Molson Stock.

in famy,

Ivan Czegledy

Slimy Pig Hole

Hey,

Why don't you guys ever try and clean up a bit? Your office stinks. I don't wanna come in there any more.

What do you guys do in there anyways?

George

Dear George,

Perhaps we owe you a bit of an explanation. It's true that the *Herald* office stinks and that we made it that way. The accumulation of empties, dirty ashtrays, smelly socks, rotting coffee cups and various other stinking inhabitants in the *Herald* office is enough to make a racoon reich. But there is a reason for this.

We stink. At least I do.

Please don't stop coming in here. Tell Vince too.

What we're doing in here is open to debate.



Editor Exposed?

Dear Editor,

What is the name of the broad who wrote the article "I'm Sorry...Essay Due" March 1989 vol.23 Issue 4? She gets herself worked up by remarks of so-called "rednecks" but lets herself off using a term like "beastly looking woman" to describe her roommate. Usual B.S. from hypocritical self-appointed Almighty inferior white chick.

From the totally non-sexist, non-racist, non-prejudiced desk of

Simon Lee

P.S. Just like it ain't right to talk about someone's skin colour, it should equally be so with regard to appearance. The point of my letter and the terms used were only to express my sarcasm for that writer. No form of 'real' prejudice is intended. However, the writer is an 'ignoramus' - tell her it means the same as an idiot.

Dear Siman,

Ooh the irony of it all. You're asking me, the editor, who wrote that article? Did it not occur to you that unnamed editorials on the first page are probably written by the editor? Do you not realize what's happening here? You're writing to the editor in the hopes of establishing some sort of "non-sexist, non-racist, non-prejudiced" bonding between the two of you, hopefully resulting in the editor's firing, or kicking in the butt, or whatever it is that editors do to self-appointed Almighty inferior white chicks, and all along it was I, the editor, who wrote the article. Weird.

Needless to say, I don't agree with anything you have said in your letter. Descriptions are descriptions not value judgements. I didn't say my roommate was dumb because she's fat. I said she was dumb as well as fat. Have you never read a book?

Letters from the Editor's Mother



Dear Jenny,

So an academic year has come and gone since I first wrote to you in your capacity as Editor. Ben Johnson doesn't have any flowers, let alone any cellophane. My nest gets emptier day-by-day but I try to do like the birds and not fret. The question of the right amount of pulp in the OJ still looms large, and some newspapers did blow about in March. It occurs to me that there may be absolutely no meaning to this string of events. Please advise.

Yours in perpetual consternation and love,

Judy.

Dear Mom,

I think the answer to your current question all depends on what sort of meaning we give to the word "meaning." If by meaning you mean of global significance, then no, there is absolutely no meaning to this string of events. However, if by meaning you mean important as it pertains to me and mine, then yes, we can certainly attach meaning to these events which have driven you to the edge of that black black abyss we so fondly refer to as insanity. It would seem to me, that the secret to avoiding the plunge into the spiritual abyss lies in reconciling oneself to these troubling matters. Certainly one should avoid worrying about whether there is too much pulp in the bird nest. And concern over whether the March wind causes the *Innis Herald* to blow all over Ben Johnson's cellophane is equally unproductive. I think you need a hobby.

Sincerely, your loving and obedient daughter

Jenny



Slimy Pigs

Dear editor,

So the image bandits at the *Innis Herald*, armed with audiotrons, have photocopied their way out of another graphic dilemma -- this time at the expense of Hilary Knight, Kay Thompson and their friend Eloise.

You defend printing, without credit or permission, the copyrighted works of well known artists with the specious arguments that "maybe we turned a few people on..." and "we don't charge for the damn thing". Right! Try those out on your Prof. next time you leave the footnotes and bibliography out of your term paper.

With hundreds of thousands of images in the public domain, collected and readily available for cut and paste layout, why continue to discredit the *Herald* and ourselves?

John Pinto

(Our Moscow correspondent replies.)

Dear Mr. Pinto,

I love your plays since ground-breaker *The Caretaker*. Do not blame copying Eloise in Moscow on me! I am Moscow correspondent but not stealer of Eloise. I tell you though, mention of profs and essays hit me with a ton of bricks. I'm to stop using Cat in the Hat picture on title page to *"The Wasteland and Return of the Jedi"*: Blasted Heaths vs. Green Eggs and Ham." You got me where I live and Paul and Jim pretty quaking too I bet. Hey, write here soon. Is long cold winter!

Yours infemo,

Ivan Czegledy.

NEWS

Residence Update

Kimberly Nash

Wow! Since the last issue of the *Innis Herald* we've received more support than we expected here. For those of you who didn't catch the last issue, I'll bring you up to date.

We are the New Residence Students' Committee, and we've been in existence since roughly the end of January. For those of you who have had your heads in the sand all year, there's a new residence going up on campus, for Innis and professional faculty students, to replace our much loved Vlad. We on the committee decided that the User's Committee, whose job it is to a) decide the location of the new res, and b) put together a functional plan of attributes for the new res to give to the architect, did not have a clear idea of the opinions of the Innis student body on the issue. Since Innis has had a long and glorious history of student parity in important decisions (like the college building itself and the innumerable councils, societies, and committees), we figured that

those of you who were interested would probably like to be heard. Those of you who wouldn't like to be heard probably aren't reading this article anyway. The goal of the New Residence Students' Committee is to make heard the voices of any interested students.

We've gone about this in two ways. One, we've written articles for the *Herald*, which are only good if people read them. (ed-has Hell frozen over yet?) Two, we've created a survey asking if you would like to meet with prospective architects or not, and which location you would prefer: Roberts lawn, St. George parking lot, and the current Vlad site. As of the last issue of the *Herald*, we had only received 39 ballots. At that time, 33 people were interested in seeing the architects, 18 wanted the Vlad site, 16 wanted the St. George parking lot, 4 wanted Roberts lawn and 1 didn't vote. We were pretty disappointed by the results of the questionnaire, because face it, the number of people responding was pretty dismal. So we tried to lay a heavy guilt trip on you.

It seems to have worked. Since then, we've been harassing people in the Pit, the Pub, the lounge outside the reading room, at Taddle Creek, at Vlad and at the polling desk during the ICSS elections, hoping we'd get some numbers. We did! As of April 3rd, we've received 129 ballots. 96 people want to see the architects, 33 don't. 17 people want Roberts lawn, 46 want the St. George parking lot, and 68 want the Vlad site. The number for the St. George parking lot may be misleading because some people are under the impression that we're referring to the large parking lot, when we actually mean the small one between Germanic Languages and Literature and CIUT. One member remarked that our committee has received a better response than the ICSS or SAC elections or the formal. Thanks to all of Vlad, who all filled out ballots, and to everyone else. Ballots will be available for filling out in the pub (ask at the bar) until the end of the exam period.

The committee is going into limbo for the summer, but we'll be back to haunt you all in September. Thanks for your support.

Herald Takes Over Registrar's Office

Linda Poulos

After the *Innis Herald* raised the issue of dissatisfaction with the Innis Bursary policy, the 1988-89 Innis College Bursary Committee undertook a review of its policies and procedures. Although the Committee re-affirmed that Innis Bursary decisions should continue to be made by Committee, it reversed itself on mandatory applicant interviews. In future, applicant interviews will be optional. The new approved Guidelines for the Bursary Committee are as follows:

GUIDELINES

The function of the Bursary Committee is to distribute the funds allocated by the Office of Student Awards to students with financial need. These funds will be used only for bursary assistance, and any money not awarded in an academic year will be returned to the Office of Student Awards.

Decisions should be based solely on the facts made available by the applicant and the amount of money available. If the Committee cannot reach a decision because of lack of information, the bursary will be deferred until the information is made available.



RANDOM THOUGHTS

Here's Something

Alex Russell

I don't know where it was, but it was a few months ago. A friend of mine said, "If the last federal election had been run in the United States, John Turner would have won". I think we were someplace where it was uncomfortable and unpleasant.

"No kidding," I said, keenly interested.

"Yeah, they always go for that patriotic 'wrapped in the flag' stuff," he said. Actually, I'm not sure that this is verbatim or whether, now that I think of it, it's even close. "They're enslaved to the media," he said. "And basically really stupid". Or something like that.

My friend is basically really stupid himself, so I decided to argue. I thought really, really hard and told him that Americans were in favour of free trade with Canada, so obviously they would have voted for the other guy. What's his name. Mulrooney.

"Well that's not what I meant," he said. "I just mean," my friend said, "that John Turner ran the kind of campaign that only wins elections in a country that goes for that kind of mindless patriotic rhetoric. And Canada doesn't".

"Okay. So..." I countered brilliantly.

"So," he said eagerly, sensing a rare victory, "Canada just doesn't have any kind of national pride. It's spiritually dead. Look at the Olympics. The Americans and the Russians have tons of national pride and they win all the medals. The East Germans too. Canada has none and we're lucky if we can get a top ten finish in doubles luge. That's what truly makes us the 53rd State."

I didn't have to think as hard this time. I came to the point.

"You're an idiot," I said. "What's so great about having 'national spirit' if it just means being as stupid as the Americans. First you say that Americans are stupid for falling for people like John Turner because they're too nationalistic, and then you lament the fact that we're not just like them".

"That's not what I mean," he said, with what was coming to be a habit. "Look. The group mind is basically a dumb mind. It needs to find a common fantasy to identify with. The leader of a country is the natural embodiment of the group fantasy". You could tell this guy had taken a course. "But a strong identification leads to a strong country. Look at Fascist Germany. Hitler captured the group fantasy, and made Germany into the strongest country in the world. Now, America may be stupid and corrupt, but George Bush is no Hitler. I'm not saying that, in order to be a strong country, Canada has to be as stupid as America any more than I'm saying it has to be as morally bankrupt as fascist Germany. A country needs a strong sense of identification to be strong itself, but the ideals and fantasies with which it identifies can be more or less stupid or evil".

"Want another beer?" That was me.

"Canada's lack of national solidarity reveals itself symbolically in the Olympics", my friend went on and I wondered when he'd have to look at his notes. "At the same time, Canadians reveal their intelligence in failing to fall for someone like John Turner. When I lament the fact that Canada has no national pride I'm not expressing the wish that we be like the United States. I'm simply lamenting the fact that Canadians can't seem to find a common figure or ideal of identification -- one which isn't openly dumb or blatantly evil."

He probably went on a lot longer than this but I think you get the gist of it. Basically, I think the point was, Canada is weak and smart and America is strong and dumb. My point, I felt, was still apt: Yeah. So...

So. Now, it being a few months later, I'd like to draw your attention (if you will) to a little matter which catches my fancy as a topic for this month's commentary. It occurs to me that the idea that a group is created through a common identification amongst its members, can be applied to smaller units than just



countries. To the extent that we all belong to groups -- the Innertube Water Polo team, the Checkers Club, the Untouchables -- we all experience the feeling of solidarity that comes from sharing a common identification. And I would be willing to assert that we all gain a feeling of strength and meaning from the security offered by our group lives. In fact, it seems to me that the very definition of a group lies somewhere in the common identification which is shared among its members.

"Groups" vary in their formality. Some groups are not even recognized by the members of which they are composed. Groups which lack official status (Dead Heads, Blue Jay fans) are less cohesive than more firmly delineated groups like the Young Anarchist's League.

The Young Anarchist's League, in fact, reveals the importance of the group identification. I don't know if there is such a thing as the Young Anarchist's League, but I do know that there are gangs of kids in downtown Toronto (the Untouchables among them) who share very strong ties to very clearly delineated groups. They are united by the channel for childish anger which "anarchist" protest affords. The irony of this situation is that the supposed ideal of anarchism (the destruction of co-operative group life) provides a common fantasy, through which deprived youth can construct group ties. This also reveals the importance of group security for an individual. It is common knowledge that a transient childhood life, in which a family moves from neighbourhood to neighbourhood, presents difficulties for a child. The anarchist kid on Yonge St. is

suffering from the worst group deprivation of all -- a lack of security in the family itself. This kid's defence is understandably the most dramatic and extreme. He denies the need for group ties altogether. But this denial cannot succeed in freeing the anarchist from the need for group identification and security. He finds it even in his denial.

Groups, I think, can be more or less healthy. Gang warfare at the Eaton Centre represents group life at its least healthy. A common tendency of an unhealthy group is the projection of hate onto groups "outside". The skinheads hate the rockers. The rockers hate the punks. The Nazis hate the Jews.

So does Canada lack national pride? I think we lack the hatred of outsiders which characterizes the United States almost as much as it does Fascist Germany. And we do suck in the Olympics. But this, it seems to me, is an indication of the type of identification which Canadians share, rather than the

amount. Canadian identity differs qualitatively from American identity. My friend mistakenly held that the United States differed qualitatively from fascist Germany: one was dumb, the other evil. But it seems to me that both countries, to varying degrees, are both stupid and evil. Germany was evil but it was also characterized by a strong common fantasy of identification. Germany was "stupid" in the sense that the strength of the country's common identification led to an omnipotent overestimation of its own strength and superiority. In the United States, the projection of hatred onto communism (Russia), drugs (South America) and crime (foreigners in general) resembles the defensive hatred of both Nazi Germany and the gangs at the Eaton Center.

Canada may be lacking in national identity. Perhaps Canadians also have a weaker identification with their country and its leaders, and Canadian and American identity differ quantitatively as well as qualitatively. But Canada's sense of nationhood is not to be lamented. Not when we avoid evil and stupidity better than "stronger" countries.

Meanwhile, we still suck in the Olympics. The trick is to find a way to form a strong National identification without projecting evil and badness onto others. If forming unhealthy, albeit strong, group ties is the only way to win gold medals in the Olympics, then fuck it.



Cops Man! Shhh!

Blitz

A lot of people seem to be saying that there are a lot of drugs going around these days and that this should be stopped. I couldn't agree more. My nicotine addiction will probably kill me one of these days. My caffeine addiction is fucking with my nerves and blood pressure. God only knows what society's collective sugar addiction is doing to our bodies.

Oh, sorry -- you say you didn't mean those drugs. Those are

okay. Well, how about alcohol? You know, that stuff that turns you from a human being into a loud, obnoxious, stupid and violent semi-animal, like the drunk asshole rednecks who tried to beat me up once, or like the boorish jerks with a permanent hard-on who rudely try to pick up anything that's female, or the drunken idiots who are ruining Grateful Dead gigs all the time now.

Oops -- you weren't talking about that drug either. You're talking about the really *really* dangerous ones -- like hashish or

marijuana, maybe? The ones that tend to make you do things like appreciate the beauty that life has, and that induce you to have a fun, mellow time, listen to music and think seriously about love and peace. Yeah. Real dangerous. I mean, they wouldn't be illegal if they weren't, right? So let's see: they're illegal because they're dangerous, and their danger lies in the fact that they're illegal. That makes lots of sense.

Or were you referring to L.S.D.? That's a serious hazard too: it makes you think about why things are the way they are, and it allows you to explore different ways of perceiving the universe around you. It's so dangerous that it was heralded as a major new tool for psychiatry in the '50s. (Although this, perhaps, says more about psychiatry in the '50s than it does about L.S.D. -- ast. ed.)

So it comes down to this: if you want to get drunk, make an idiot of yourself, decrease your intelligence and become basically oblivious to anything except your most powerful emotions, you can go to any bar and do so. If, on the other hand, you'd rather have a calm evening listening to music and talking about interesting ideas while stoned, you run the risk of having your place broken into by

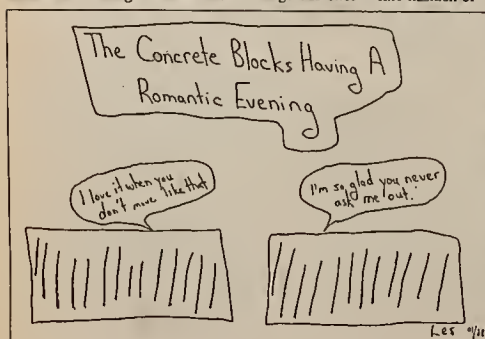
cops, utterly trashed as they ransack it, and then having handcuffs put on you and being carted off to the police station where you will be yelled at, threatened and often physically abused. And that's without even mentioning any possible charges being laid. Yeah, it all makes sense to me.

I can see why drugs like cocaine, crack or heroine would be outlawed, and I approve. They are incredibly addictive and it is society which pays the price. (The fact that, while illegal, they are still easy to get is another issue entirely). But it is utter hypocrisy to ban such drugs as marijuana, hashish, L.S.D. or mushrooms. Despite the lies and propaganda that our oh-so-wonderful police force delights in peddling, they are no danger to society. They are more beneficial than anything else, as opposed to alcohol or nicotine. They are not addictive, again as opposed to alcohol or nicotine. For Christ's sake, how stupid are our police and politicians? They're tossing people in jail for crimes that are not crime in any but the strictest literal sense. They're redneck bastards and evil old men. They can't even enforce the assinine laws that they've passed, except extremely sporadically.

They're a big fucking joke, but they've got uniforms and guns that make them a scary joke. Instead of freaking out over gang violence, let's talk about the biggest, worst gang of them all -- the cops.

(I'd like to make clear that I'm not completely anti-cop. There are genuinely good, idealistic policemen out there, and they lay their lives on the line for us every shift. Unfortunately, a lot of their colleagues are violent, macho bastards.)

I will reluctantly agree that most people need cops and laws to keep from killing each other. I will not agree that most of our drug laws help society in any way. If anything, they harm it. Most of my generation know that the drug laws suck and have no social value, and this turns us against the police (and turns the police against us). You wonder why Officer Friendly is no longer our friend? Because half the laws he so zealously and often violently upholds are stupid, immoral laws. That's why. If Officer Friendly had any respect for his job, he'd turn in his badge until the laws are changed. But he doesn't -- he just keeps harassing, beating up, and throwing in jail, kids whose only 'crime' is a search for enlightenment. Way to go, you self-righteous hypocrites.



Mary Worth Update: Odds Are It's Over

Harold Innis

As fate would have it, the only man in the city of Toronto who has access to the heavily guarded, the much coveted, the totally sawdry, steaming with ribaldry, *Mary Worth* file was unfortunately plowed over by an eighteen wheel combine harvester. That is to say, he was fertilized. In other words, he let us down.

The following then, is a completely fabricated *Mary Worth* Update. We have no idea what is really going on and Art, as we've already mentioned, never even came through with some plot hints. So we're winging it and you'll just have to trust us.

When we last left her, Mary had just discovered that Grant, her saddling suave buck of a boyfriend/love captain, was wanted in forty-eight states for photocopying and pedophilia. Our heroine's love cruise seemed to be coming to a very abrupt halt and as this month's tale of woe begins, Mary is seen weeping on the Lido Deck.

Ian is drinking a cognac by the pool, a thick blue cloud of smoke rising out of his pipe. Ian, if you don't already know, is overweight, pompous and, at the moment, quite high. Never a big fan of Grant's, Ian chides Mary

for being too accepting and gullible. Grant is "just another gigolo" to Ian, which is actually quite true. Mary can't stand it and gets ripped on tequila.

Upon arriving in Puerto Vallarta, Grant, now guilt stricken and broke, resolves to make good with Mary again. He sidles up to her in the customs lineup and whispers lightly, "that's all in my past now Mary, trust me. All that matters now is you because you are absolutely altogether everything I've ever wanted in a woman. You're gentle, you're

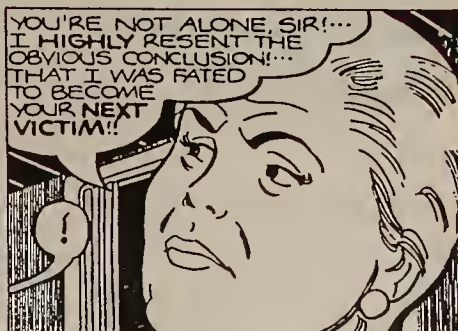


understanding, your caring and you give a mean blowjob. Please Mary, reconsider my proposal. Mary me. Oh my. What will Mary do in such a tense situation? The readers are left to wonder for the next seven frames while we rejoin the Camerons currently seeking out a hash dealer.

Toby is getting frustrated in the heat but Ian, shaking and distraught, heads down another narrow alley. *Mary Worth* readers are now given a rare treat. Action. With horrifying suddenness Toby and Ian are set upon by a gang of toughs, held at knife-point and subjected to various rude suggestions, all within a two week span. Ian, already shaken by his frustrated search, is overwhelmed by this added threat. In his distress he offers to sell Toby to the ruffians.

Fortunately, they are saved by the local police, who pull up in the nick of time and ask everybody for their papers. Toby, now in a swoon, thinks that they're asking for rolling papers and is busy rifling through her purse when Ian tells her that the police have been squared and the best thing to do now is hail a cab. Has Toby forgotten her husband's *faux pas*? Did he mean it? Could this be the beginning of the end of the best damn marriage this side of the Valley of Death? Toby is certainly looking fidgety as she and Ian sit in the cab on their way back to the port. Anxiety ruffles Ian's brow as he stumbles out an apology to Toby and places his hand on her thigh.

No more cheap shocks for a while and we're back now with Mary and Grant, talking over dinner. Mary is hungover and sickened by the sight of Grant's "hungry man" steak. Grant is obviously nervous and his efforts at making conversation fall pathetically short. "How's the shrimp salad?", and "They seem a cheerful lot, these Spaniards", are



the best he can come up with. Mary looks ready to throw up when Tiffany, Grant's shadow from the past, rushes in with the marines. Grant tries to make a run for it but collapses in a heap in front of the cigarette machine. Seems he's had an anorism. Mary reaches for the tequila.

Things are going from bad to worse for our heroin and the next morning we see her being nursed into consciousness by Toby, still a little fidgety but basically in control. Ian enters with a deft knock and a double scotch and asks the ladies if they'd care to take a stroll on deck before breakfast. Toby wavers for a minute and Mary, now in her senses, takes the opportunity to tell her that she has some "real hard gossip to relate."

Ian is shoosed away like the

skulking dog he's turned into and Mary, unhappily begins to tell Toby the news. Toby, however, seems more concerned with her nails than Mary's problems and leaves her under the pretense that she has to pick up Ian's diet pills at the pharmacist. Mary is confused by Toby's behaviour and begins to search frantically for Ian's stash.

Well it looks like it's going to be a long day for Mary. Will Toby continue to blow her off? Will Ian ask her to blow him off? These are questions that Mary and the reader are both left to ponder as this month's episode comes to a close. Things have certainly come to a head and the inside scoop from United Artists Syndicate is that things won't let up next month. Apparently Mary loses her sense of reason all together and winds up table dancing at The Golden Rail.

Totally Fucked Up

Acce St. George

I was going to bounce on about conflict and peace, but I don't know now. It all started a few weeks ago in a poli-sci class where, during one of the few moments I was paying attention, the prof mentioned something like "people are expecting China to give up on communism." And that got me thinking about the role of conflict in our own lives.

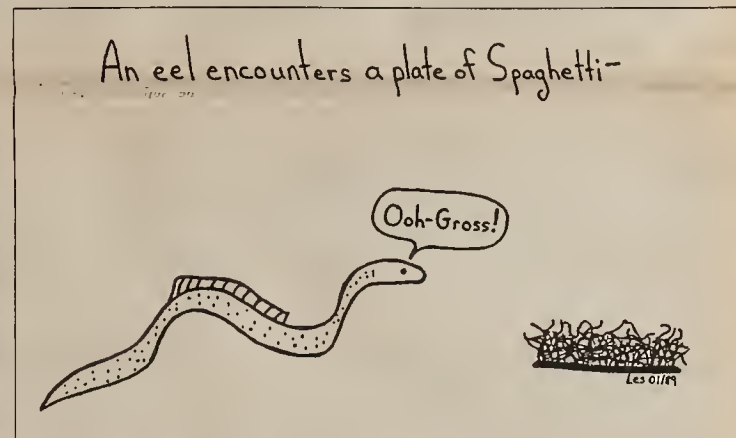
What if the Soviet Union gave up communism? What if one day Gorbachev announced to his people and the rest of the world, "Well ladies and gentlemen we've changed our minds, we're going to give up on this communism thing that many of you don't like and start going about things like you do." What would the rest of the world do? What would the Americans (I make this generalization because I am one, I'd speak for Canada too, if Canadians think this way, but I'm not going to because I don't know what hates the Canadians have been taught (if anybody tried to tell me none, though, and that Canada was only a good-natured nation, I would laugh ha-ha), what would the Americans do if they could no longer hold to that belief that they were raised on, that the Russians were flat-out no-good evil? What could they cling to to prove that they were far and above those Ruski-red-pinko-eteteras? What if the Russians had absolutely worse luck with capitalism than the West, what if they really totally fucked up? Would America say "Oh look how horrible capitalism is, we don't all seem to be doing so well, maybe we should try and work things out better for the entire planet." Or would they sneer, "Hah, look at those fucking Commie idiots, can't get it right with anything." I shudder to think. Or what if the Soviet Union really did well and saved themselves and everyone else on the planet with

generosity? Would people love them more and welcome them as capitalist brothers and sisters or would the rage just increase because of the jealousy in seeing one's enemy-image do better? And I thought, does this relate to anything in our everyday lives?

And I thought yes, because it has to do with things like reactions and changing of beliefs. How much of a role does conflict play in our lives? Someone said to me the other day (my mother, in fact) something about conflict being one of the things that keeps us going, and that it was unavoidable in our lives. I didn't really like the thought of that, that would mean that there was no chance for peace in our lives. There I go harping on about peace, but really, think about it, it's a nice concept, but how long do we let it last when it's there? Have you ever experienced a peaceful moment? Why on earth did it stop? Was it you? Was it an "enemy"? It seems we need some fundamental instructing on how to let things be. Not to avoid, but to drop the pan when it gets too hot. Somebody hate you? Walk away. They'll stew and perhaps be faced with their silly selves.

Does this make any sense? Does any of this matter? "Oh yeah," say Leanna and Dave, "this from the guy who said he wanted to kill a person who wanted to butt in line the other day at the movie theatre." Well, I try. Perhaps I'm a slow learner. And with a huge jump this proves that learning and grades are not related. And with another, this means don't worry about exams. And so with a final skip, it's very important to keep learning the peace-thing and don't worry about exams.

I must ask myself, "Where is this all coming from?" Is my answer, "Collected ravings from a modern, irrationally overthinking youth?" Well, whatever, now that it's out of my head, I can go to bed.



Ever Been to Sea Billy?

Missa

Today, boys and girls, we talk about AIDS. Now I know this is probably the millionth article you've read (or haven't read) on this topic, but hang in there for just one more paragraph. If you don't like it then, you don't have to read any more, so you can fuck off.

The issue that I wish to address is St Mike's attitude towards AIDS. I was going to attempt an intellectual ironclad argument, but I've opted out for more brutal and opinionated attack.

Article 3, section 4 of St. Mike's constitution mentions giving "particular consideration to the Catholic nature of St. Michael's College." Does this include naïveté to the point of brain death? Allow me to expand. Peter Devlin, President of the Students Union, according to an article in the *Strand* last fall, "questions the seriousness of the AIDS threat among university students." Funny, the

Health Services disagrees with you, sir. But of course your information comes from a higher source.

Your religious views have absolutely no place in dealing with the AIDS problem on campus. What frightens me is that people like you may some day enter real world politics. Then again, the world of politics is already filled with selfish, inconsiderate assholes. "We would vehemently oppose any plan to distribute condoms to St. Mike's students." This is the very quote which inspired me to write this article. Being Catholic doesn't make you God, and disallowing distribution of condoms, which some people are embarrassed to buy themselves, could result in a death, something against your own doctrine.

I could go into this further, but I think I'd like to hear a response from Mr. Devlin first. On a personal note, Peter, if you want to live the life of a Catholic, great.

A couple of years ago, I chose not to, but that doesn't make my moral stance any more or less valid than yours. And expressing it is fine enough, but don't shove your views down other people's throats by making policy of them. This has already resulted in the halting of the proposed health plan for UoT, among other things. A friend of mine, who is on the pill for purely regulatory reasons, informed me of her concern over paying twenty bucks a month. That's a fair bill for a student to pay for Catholicism on campus.

I'll now take the opportunity to attack the practices of the Catholic Religion in general. Just kidding. My final words to the administration at St. Mike's who advocate Mr. Devlin's views: Since you seem to believe that abstinence is an achievable solution to the AIDS problem on campus, go fuck yourselves. You've out stepped you bounds. This is life and death, not some silly superstition.

9 Rats give Birth to Giant Girl

Yukio Koglin

jeon dodt quit the bank job and currently drives around town and does the coffee shop thing.

yk: Couldn't hack it?

jd: I guess so.

yk: To what extent do you think Mr. Kerouac was related to the...the...hippies?

jd: I can't see why anyone would still believe that there is "good" after the hippies turned in their hair for living rooms that nobody sits in. I mean, you'd think the Inquisition, 1st, 2nd and 3rd world wars, not to mention the death of your parents, would be enough to make people see that there is no "good".

yk: Mama?

jd: Mama.

yk: Mamma's dead?

jd: Mamma's cosmic pollen.

yk: Oh shit. Oh shit!

jd: ----- (looks out the window at volvo passing)

yk: I guess you're right.

jd: Just don't go make it a religion. o?k?

(next day)

yk: 3rd world war?

jd: Yeah, 1st and 3rd worlds getting it on in a jungle near you, no bombs, per say, just \$\$.

yk: So it's all been bad since the Inquisition.

jd: Eugh, no.

yk: (suspicious) Are you...Christian?

jd: "Jesus was the only Christian". He's got his and I got mine.

yk: You know (snapping his fingers) if we could stand back, way back from our lives and just look down - all the goods and bads would be alright.

jd: An dats da name a dat tune. "Alright" means good, by the way.

yk: So you can't be happy when you're sad?

jd: Nope. When they cross over's the THING.

yk: But it's sick, twisted, no good or bad, there's nothing left.

jd: All's left s'what's left. Don't try and resurrect your mama, (a low blow), she took good and bad with her six feet deep.

yk: She was cremated. I sent her dust to Publisher's Clearing House to make them stop - with the junk mail.

jd: Did they?

yk: No, they said I could win a Winnebago if I sent them three more relatives, and subscribed to OMNI.

jd: Talk about your "slaving meat wheel".

yk: "Wish I was safe in heaven dead".

jd: "Why are you so tragic and gloomy?"

yk: I guess it's all this...you know...school stuff.

jd: Sure ain't living. Jack hit it on the head - didn't want to be no athlete, wanted to be Beethoven, ah but we run outta geniuses for a long time. We're all athletes nowadays. Eat this and do this and this muscle grows and you win. Read this and write this way and whammo 100 G's a year. Once you've won the world championships then there's nothing left!

yk: I just can't catch it, you know?

jd: I saw it once you know (very deep pouse here) life. Life as a babe, yeah sure I followed her all the way to the Finch station kiss n' ride and then she got into this Trans Am with this BIG GUY. (stunned silence).

yk: Actually, I caught it once, that life thing, under a dixie cup - I could see it trying to get...but I just couldn't find a lifted that cup and tried to...but it just...got away. ONCE AGAIN.

(conversation actually took place in dodot's warehouse on two chairs and on oak-paquette floor over the Easter weekend)

School's In



Café Sun

Alan Sharpe

Maybe she meant to look the way I think she just looked at me reading *Walden* over my exp. Kensington pants, book at rakish angle That's different, she'll think for this café anyway She'll notice I'm no smoker that's also important I think But maybe she's apprehensive thinking me distant, pensive, in these pages Instead she'll just glance over at our reflection strangers on a train not wishing to ripple my throat with conversation I should pause, looking down using the menuboard for ops What ore flaming Tona War She'll laugh and I'll come out of the wood if she wants to She should have a book I'd go first, if she had an intro But maybe she'd ignore my whatever line I used to close that sits between these tables People like us would meet given the chance Maybe that's what she was with her glance I'll have to remember that she may come here again.

Sometimes it goes like that

Braz

Grey light splashed like mud on the cracked bedroom window. You dug your fear into my skin and I sang you to a fitful sleep.

I sang:

Sleep is a rust iron box,
A room without the moon.
Pull to your body barbed-wire dreams
The sun is at the border and will have us soon.

My heart slammed out the sixteenth;
You kicked me on the fourths.
The morning screamed through the traitorous glass
And the shards bit into us like gentle chimes.

You sang:

I'll pin your hands to our Christmas tree
If you don't get up and dance with me!
Good morning my love, my darling one;
Your blood is on my tongue
and daylight burns your bedroom down.

I dragged my corpse to a windowless room
plugged in the kettle and made some tea.
We poured it, hot, where the glass made us bleed;
I kissed you where you let only me.

You said:

I hate to see your asylum burn.
I loved that bed
in its turn.



School's Out...

So, what am I going to do this summer? Work. In Hamilton.

But eventually I'll grow weary of the fame, the casual sex, the cocaine and the private jet, and after a few weeks at the Betty Ford clinic I will give all my money to the Replacements (who truly

See y'all next year.

Secondly, some of us who dig sixties music also like Sarah Vaughn and Van Morrison. (Didn't he begin his career in the

Rock and roll has been around for three decades now and there's room for a lot of tastes. "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" will survive the California Raisins, Lawrence Kasdan, and me. (So will Miles Davis' "Walkin'...") Actually, I never heard the Marvin Gaye version until 1981! It was on a British jukebox underneath the Boomtown Rat's "Banana Republic". Hey. Now there's a tunc!

Robarts 13th Floor: High altitudes make falling asleep quick and easy. For the

Anyone finding more prime locations should report immediately to me upon waking. Until then, this is the most complete list I can muster. So, anyone wishing to sleep with me knows where to do it ... Good luck with your Power Napping studies, but most of all...Good night. zzzzzzzzzzzzzz





Feckless

Steve Graveslock

Cameron Crowe's *Say Anything* is a very traditional film about a teenage romance which crosses class lines. As Jay Scott once pointed out, high school is the last place where class divisions are breeched significantly in American life or American movies. After high school, members of the lower classes show up as psychotic Vietnam vets, pimps, or -- for comic relief -- John Candy. In this one, the boy -- Lloyd Dobler (John Cusack) -- comes from the lower class and the girl -- Diane Court (Jone Skye) -- from the upper middle class. He's into kick-boxing and drives a battered Malibu; she's into microbiology and drives a brand new sporty foreign model. Her father, of course, hates Lloyd.

This might sound depressingly like the kind of material John Hughes regularly farmed out to Howard Deutch (see *Pretty in Pink* or *Some Kind of Wonderful*). Crowe's intelligent though and has a nice deft touch. The movie glides along sweetly. It's a real relief not to be bombarded with a state of the art soundtrack everytime the scene changes. There's a hesitant, lyrical tone to the scenes between Cusack and Skye, especially at the end of their first date. Their awkwardness turns into poetry. Crowe -- who wrote *Fast Times at Ridgemount High* -- displays a great ear for dialogue and character. Diane -- the upper class one -- speaks in finished sentences, paragraphs nearly, complete with strategic

pauses. Lloyd -- the lower class one -- has what his best friend Corey (Lili Taylor), calls a "nervous, alking thing" and talks off the top of his head, usually incessantly. There's a nice dig at the current obsession with teenage slang in the opening scene when Lloyd, Corey and another friend get confused about which terms mean what.

Crowe plays with audience expectations about character. Diane, the go-getter, is rather diffident. As class valedictorian, she finishes her speech by announcing that she's very scared; one of the principal reasons she's attracted to Lloyd is that she feels safe with him. Lloyd -- the one with no future -- is extremely responsible. At a big party, he's the one entrusted with the guests' car keys. He handles people beautifully, plugging into the level they're operating on immediately, whether they're kids or slobbering drunks. He's truly suave in a high school kind of way. They complement one another nicely. He's easy-going and diffident; she's driven and diffident. They match up temperamentally in fundamental ways.

As an actor, John Cusack has matured significantly. He still does the same likeable-nervous-teenager-who'll grow-out-of-it-stuff that he's done in the past but he also conveys some maturity and doubt, qualities he hasn't been able to establish elsewhere. He does good work here, especially in a scene after Lloyd and Diane break up and he drives around in his Malibu, moaning into a tape recorder while trying to figure things out.

As the hyper-protected beauty Diane, Jone Skye does something that teen performers usually don't. Most deliver highly polished performances -- facades you couldn't crack with a pile driver -- but Skye has a beautiful receding quality like Chantal Goya in *Masculine-Feminine*. She captures a certain fecklessness -- and I mean this in a positive sense -- which teenagers have. Crowe reverses the way this normally works. Diane's sure of herself intellectually and scholastically and unsure in other areas. Probably her best scenes come with her father (John Mahoney) whom she's extremely close to. When he clearly refuses to listen, her responses mix frustration, shock, and repression. She doesn't quite want to focus on how much he refuses to hear her or what that means.

Lili Taylor -- last seen in *Mystic Pizza* -- has become an accomplished comedienne. As Corey, she pops in and out of the movie to give advice to Lloyd, never failing to relate things to her ex-boyfriend Joe, whom she wrote sixty-three excruciating melodramatic songs about. At one point when Lloyd asks her what to do, she tells him he has to show Diane that he respects her, that he cares for her, that he's a gentleman...that he's not like Joe. The role is small and rather stock -- to some extent it seems to be a job at another pop cliché about teenagers, that they're ready to take a Brody whenever things don't quite turn out -- but she brings a considerable amount of charm and energy to it.

John Mahoney gives a solid

performance as James Court, Diane's excessively exuberant, ultra-protective father. He's just exuberant enough to make you doubt him and goofy enough to make you like him, at least a bit. After Diane wins a highly prized scholarship, he charges off to tell her in person, believing "Rikki Don't Lose that Number," in a voice that makes Ian Curtis sound like Neil Finn.

The film does have a lot of flaws. Specifically, Crowe has the David Mamet problem. He has a definite talent for dialogue and he establishes what he wants in individual scenes but dramatically and structurally he's a little weak. The scenes aren't punched up enough to give the film sufficient tension. Moreover, there's way too much time spent on a sub-plot about the IRS investigating Diane's father. It's resolution fits thematically but Crowe spends so much time on it we expect a lot more. If he wanted to make it work he should have spent more time explaining Court in order to legitimately earn sympathy for the character. We're simply expected to sympathize with him.

A lot of the plot details suck out, way out. At times, the imagery is rather awkward as if Crowe was writing at ludicrous, Sidney Janet speed and couldn't spare the time to come up with the right, or even a better image. On their first date, for example, Lloyd cautions Diane about some broken glass in front of her. We know that's going to crop up again and it sure does. Crowe isn't entirely comfortable with the romance either. He's more at home with straight comedy. The best, most complete



scene occurs when Lloyd decides to ask some friends, who spend their time in the parking lot of the gas and sip drinking beer, about women and they rattle off bullshit.

Most of the problems in the film are the kind that writers turned directors like Crowe always face, at least initially, or they crop up because he has to choose between character and plot or he just tries something he's not quite up to and that's a good sign. None of these faults are inexcusable or really ruin the film. Crowe's nice breezy touch effectively mutes them. In a way, the film mirrors Lloyd: easy-going but uncertain, not mature but close.

Look Out Sonny Bono!



Keith Denning

Well, here I am again, returning to the fold that I had totally forsworn (though certainly not because of my fellow sheep). The *Herald* office has changed somewhat since I've last been here. I counted sixty-six beer bottles under the carrel. Innis remains pretty much the same as far as I can tell, which is good. Don't confuse this sheep by changing the pasture.

So one year ago I was sweating like all you poor students who are reading this fishwrap, writing final papers, exams, cramming etc. etc. ad inf. And after all was said and done, understandably enough, I bade this institution a fond farewell in favour of a year or five of working, paying rent, living like a REAL HUMAN BEING and not some inmate forced by parents or social conscience or what have you to read Dickens and listen to my philosophy professor insult Heidegger.

I had to humanize myself. I had to get my nose out of the book and onto the grindstone, right? I mean, any self-respecting ambitious young man would have done the same, right? Find out the meaning of life and all that cal while making a decent buck along with all the other honest upright folks making decent bucks to put all you slackers through school.

Well, dear reader, that was a good one on me. I mean, who really wants to spend his life waiting on tables anyway? I only know one person who truly loves and adores

lighting other people's cigarettes and clearing other people's scraps whilst finding just the right balance between total politeness (which gets you no tip) and absolute obsequious grovelling (also no tip). You wouldn't like this guy either, I'm sure.

So, hey, I got my own pad, man, I got a JOB, which meant money, I'm out from under the wing. I've fled the nest thank you so long I'm set for life MY VERY OWN DESTINY OF MY CHOOSING goodbye. I'm paying my own rent, I'm working full-time, putting a little bit away here and there, scrimping and saving, you know how it is when you gotta really WORK for a living instead of this hippie-dippie what-is-the-underlying-theme-of-blah-blah-blah garbage. And guess what, of course, I'm a miserable case of undiscovered talent and genius because, of course, I'm no longer working in a restaurant at this time, I'm a security guard, and there isn't a security guard living who can spell his name let alone do anything other than sit around and drool at the Sunshine girls and then turn to the comics page and laugh at Garfield and not understand Bloom County, is there? I mean, security guards have to be stupid and somewhat catatonic or else they wouldn't be able to sit there for hours on end doing dilly-dilly-squat, right? So, of course, I'm stupid since, following the syllogism, all security guards have been lobotomized and tranquilized, I am a security guard, therefore I suddenly find myself WITHOUT A BRAIN. And oh, how I long for someone to appreciate the fact that I can actually write a coherent sentence, that I've actually read a book other than "The Incredible Hulk Goes To Moscow", that I proudly cannot recite a single line from any Police Academy movie

and that I don't drink Bud Light and, moreover, ha ha ha, that underneath this cool calm exterior I have delusions of being a composer.

"So, are you a composer?" asks this lady at the Music Gallery some months later. I hadn't been there for a long time, either because I had been working (i.e. tired) or unemployed (i.e. broke).

"YES I AM," I said as calmly as I could, trying to downplay my great elation that someone had finally looked into my eyes and seen Bach and Beethoven and Schoenberg and Lester Young and Stravinsky and Miles Davis and Patti Smith and Steve Reich and Tom Waits and Debussy all mixing around in my mind and coming out as Keith Denning, musician, composer, Artist with a Vision, by God.

"Oh. Who are you studying with?"

Bach and Beethoven and Schoenberg and Lester Young and Stravinsky and Miles Davis and Patti Smith and Steve Reich and Tom Waits and Debussy.

But they're dead, some of them, and, sorry, you just don't look cool enough to know Steve Reich, besides which he's passé now, don't you know anything? And who is Tom Waits?

Well, sorry, Ms. let's-see-your-degree-just-to-check-your-status-as-a-human-being, sorry to disappoint you, I am studying with all of the above, and I've found it to be very cost-effective, and moreover, they don't bother me if I don't do my homework.

Of course, I actually said "Nobody," since I have a predisposition towards honesty which I can't for the life of me get rid of. That, predictably enough, ended the discussion. I sipped my wine and listened to the next piece, which was, in my own supremely uneducated opinion, garbage.

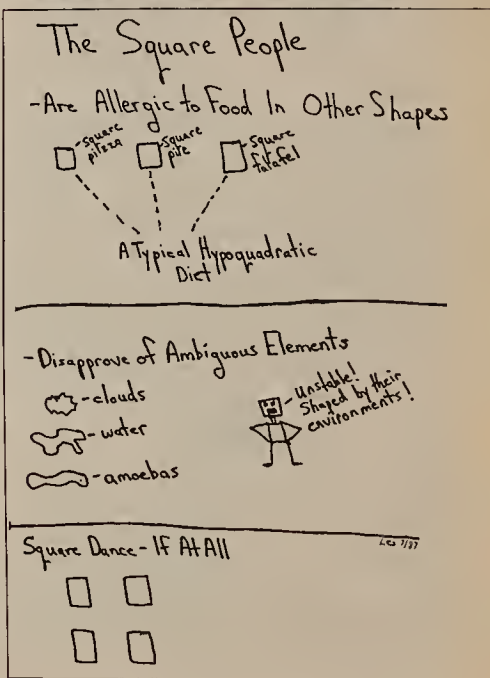
Yes, garbage was heaping up all over the place. Who, who would see the light, hear the music? Who would discover this frustrated young artist trying to buck the system and skip four years of university?

Nobody, of course. I was a Lumpen, one of the Great Unwashed. It had to be said. I was uneducated. And I didn't

have a degree either.

Truth be told, I was and am. "You have Grade 4 Harmony, Mr. Denning? How impressive. Have you ever read any of the Dick and Jane series? They're probably right up your alley." Alright, fine, Mr. Denning, what are you going to do about it?

Gee, I guess I'll have to go to school or something.





Give a Hoot: Take my Loot but don't Pollute

Cheryl Burda

It used to be you could go to the variety store and purchase some variety: pop, cigarettes, milk, microwave nacho flavoured popcorn. Now the corner store offers a variety of rudeness: grrr, snarl, scragg. I'm talking about G's supermarket at the corner of Huron and Bloor which is infesting old Rochdale College, a place that once represented love, peace and friendly service. The G store has no love to offer its customers; it pollutes Rochdale's memory with evil and contaminates the entire St. George campus with just plain nastiness.

Just what is so nasty about this store, you ask? Allow me to describe my experience with a brief anecdote.

I, a Huron St. resident, frequented the place earlier in the year. Once in December I purchased a large tub of yogurt along with a few other items. Upon discovering that the yogurt was bad, I returned to the store and politely asked for a refund. The snarling beast behind the counter stuck her face in the rancid container and disappeared into the back of the store. For many long moments I was left only to wonder if she would return at all. A long line of customers were wondering too. She did return. Still growling, she pounded the keys of the cash register, clawed at it for \$2.75 and smashed it down on the counter in front of me muttering, "here's your money then. Take it." She refused to even look at me, let

alone apologize. I scooped up the money somewhat reluctantly and found myself apologizing to her.

On the way home, with my dirty money, I made a silent pact with myself to boycott the store. However, inherently lazy as I am, I found myself returning to the hellish establishment (I happen to live only a block south of the place). I tried to purchase a bottle of pop with a pocketful of change. The same creature behind the counter looked at me with disgust and said, "I will not accept more than fifty pennies unless they are rolled".

"That's fine", I replied and counted out forty-five and paid the rest in other coins.

"No!" she barked. "I will only accept twenty-five cents".

"OK", I said, and began to count out twenty-five cents.

"I cannot accept your change!" she snarled, and turned to the next customer.

My companion asked calmly, "Isn't money - money?"

She ignored us and shooed us away like bothersome pests. When I questioned why she was so rude to her customers, she replied, "I don't know what you're talking about and we do not need your business anyway".

I accepted my fate not to shop at G's supermarket anymore; however, after learning that a number of my friends received the same treatment I was left to wonder why this evil institute should deserve anyone's business at all. One friend in particular, a fellow Innis student and the nicest

person you would ever want to meet, also boycotted the store many months ago. She told me about a time when she tried to purchase some cigarettes and was treated so rudely that she asked the woman behind the counter, like I did, why she was so rude to her customers. The woman told my friend, like she told me, that she didn't need my friend's business. Sounds familiar.

So why do people -- nice, good, respectable people -- continue to shop there? It's convenient? Close to Innis? Because it carries some really groovy baked goods? My plea to anyone who reads this, because all *Herald* readers are sensible humans, is to boycott G's supermarket, even if it means having to walk an extra block down Bloor St. There are some really nice people at October Variety Store, or Bloor Convenience, and even Bloor Super Save is cool. Please, as an environmentalist I beg you, stop Nasty Pollution from contaminating our city.

Picture This...

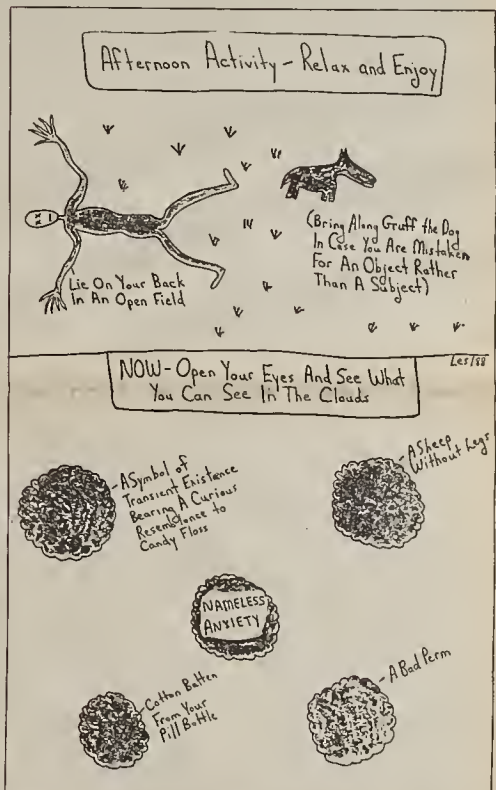
Warren Fick

Picture a waterfall so beautiful it is beyond comprehension, the water so pure, the glint of the wake is graceful. The descent a matter of forty metres; all gone. This is the picture of Paradise Lagoon. I've been there, three days from any base camp, thirty-five miles from the real world. Wait-deep in waterfall so picturesque, it speaks of wonder. It demands that you cry out "I'm Free!"

The loggers arrive, right in the crest of your fulfillment. In three days a road will be built right across the source of this splendour. Severe anger is your first reaction. Then depression. You say to yourself, "where is

Smokey the Bear when you need him?" You see the saddened eyes of eight other people, and you know the world is wrong.

This is the plight of the Temagami wilderness. The pamphlets have been circulated, but the effort is too late to save Paradise Lagoon. Part of Humankind's access to nature will be gone. The Temagami Wilderness Society needs you. This is not a pledge drive, but rather an attempt to project awareness. Even the Provincial Parks will soon be under debate. Please become aware. We can prevent any further devastation of our Northlands, whether it is a logging road or a super-highway. Together we can make a difference.



SPORTS

Dome Seats to be Plaid

Greg Sutton

This year the men at Innis College enjoyed another successful season of athletics. In football, the College said a tearful farewell to the Innis Crimson Tide and its long-standing tradition of excellence. Due to a lack of personnel, the Tide could not compete in 1988-89 and was forced to join their rivals across the road, forming the Trinity-Innis Black Pelicans. The team had a good season, compiling a 4-2 record and losing a close game 3-0 to Medicine in the semi-final.

In basketball, Innis enjoyed one of their finest seasons in years,

frequently trouncing the opposition. Like the football team, they too advanced to post-season play only to come up short in the quarter finals.

In hockey, the Innis Whalers became the talk of the college, and for that matter, also the campus. Unbeatable in the regular season, the Whalers won 11 and tied 2. In the quarter-finals they beat a good Erindale team to advance to the final four against Scarborough. The Whalers played well in the two game-total point series but lost both games by one goal. A number of players, after the playoffs, spoke out of a dressing room filled with dissension. So look for wholesale changes in the team next year as

the Whalers search for a winning attitude on and off the ice.

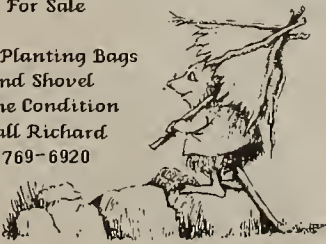
That about does it for Men's athletics. I'm sure a few teams were missed but I have no information about how they did. Let's just say that Men's Volleyball had a great year and won the championship.

By the way, I am writing this article because Rob Stanley, our Men's Athletics Rep, has dropped out of the University and is working as a stage-hand at Massey Hall. He has also announced his engagement to Cassandra, (not the former ICSS president) one of the CATS.

Good luck with exams and have a safe summer!

For Sale

Tree Planting Bags
and Shovel
Fine Condition
Call Richard
769-6920



ICSS Update

Martha MacEachern

As the 1988/89 academic year quickly comes to a close I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate all the members of the outgoing ICSS for making this 25th Anniversary year a grand success! From a fabulous orientation to the shortest budget meeting in the history of Innis; from the ever popular Coffee House to the recycling program in the Pub; from the auction to the Masquerade Ball -- this has been a year to remember!

To Rob Stanley and his new ICSS crew, we all wish you the best of luck in 1989/90.

Thanks again, good luck on your exams, and have a great summer!

- C. Never let your dingle dangle,
Never let your dingle dangle,
Never let your dingle dangle,
Or it'll get caught in the mangle.



- A. Ginger Meggs, Ginger Meggs,
What have you between your legs?
One fat sausage, two boiled eggs,
That's what I've got between my legs.

Open this first.



- B. Donald Duck
Had a fuck,
Got stuck.
Better luck
Next fuck,
Donald Duck.

Innis Cafe

Innis College
2 Sussex Avenue

**Innis Cafe will be open this
summer starting April 24
Monday to Friday 12:00 noon to
7:00pm**

**Join us for lunch, dinner, and
refreshments**



Warmth
After the sweat
from between.
Touch
Watching, thinking
love or security?



Breath
Deep and Mixing
feel your soul
Sleep
Soft, black
Holding This Other World.

- D. The Adams Family started
When Uncle Festa farted
The children were disgusted
They stuck their dicks in custard,
The Adams Family.
Drop dead.